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To my friend
Mr. Edward Everett Hall
with the writer's
high regards.

Ethel Arner

July - 1905

Birmingham
Alabama

Midsummer in
Whittier's Country



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A Little Study of Sandwich Center
By ETHEL ^{Marck} ARMES
With Sketches by the Author



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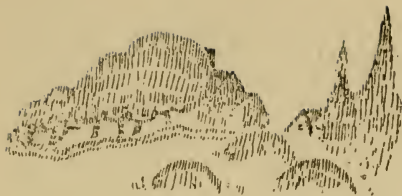
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TO
MY COMRADES OF THE HILLS
ALICE
AND
H. P. J.





Foreword

This little study of Sandwich Center, tells quite simply the brief and almost uneventful annals of the town from its waking in the reign of George III throughout its term of active service in behalf of the colonies to its sleeping time today. It also gives quick glimpses of a few of the little people and places of delight in and around the village, and relates the Indian legends and traditions told roundabout there, the story of famous Mount Chocorua and the myths of Ossipee and Lake Asquam.

The quotations running throughout are from Whittier's verse, as will readily be seen, and the sketches were done out under the open sky on the high hill tops, in apple orchards by

winding roads and in long grasses of the fields, so that in those places where the student's touch has failed, artist charm may be dreamed into them by whosoever knows these sweet mountain meadows that were the Quaker poet's golden fields, and likewise, it is prayed, into the book.



*I. From the Little Path on the
Apple Hill.*

*II. In the Red Sunset Caravans
of the Old Days Pass.*

*III. The Little People of the Vil-
lage.*

*IV. "I Lean my Heart Against
the Day."*

*V. Indian Legends Float in
the Breezes.*

**"It is as if the pine trees called me
From ceiled room and silent books,
To see the dance of woodland shadows,
..And hear the song of April brooks!**

I.

FROM THE LITTLE PATH ON THE APPLE HILL.

"I would I were a painter for the sake
of a sweet picture——"

Not far up along the road to Ossippee, just a quarter of a mile beyond the village, there is a little hill where rocks and apples grow. A stone wall, put up in the time of George III., shuts out a mischievous tangle of blackberry briars, and helps support the heavily burdened arms of one of the oldest of the trees, some of whose rosy apples hang right over a tiny gate going into the hill. A few other apples have tumbled down among tall grasses which flirt, in the wind, with dashing groups of black-eyed daisies—there, in the very face of the little path—and such a tattle tale of a path! Off it runs to each one of the ancient apple trees, winks naughtily in the shadows, then hides in the spears of the red-top grass away from the listening leaves. Pretty soon, shaking itself free from the field flowers and the long reaches of the circling trees,

it climbs up the steep side of the hill,
shudders by some big savage rocks
that stretch out like an ogre's arms to
grab it, and then—suddenly—before it
is aware, is way up high on the tip-top
of the little hill, all by itself, looking
out to the whole wide world alone!

* * * *

“Through Sandwich Notch the west
wind sang
Good morrow to the cotter——”

From this little path on the apple
hill, the small white houses of the vil-
lage appear like snow flakes. Some
of them reach out in long, glistening
lines,—they are white apron strings
trying to hold back the runaway roads,
for the little village is the mother
place of a hundred highland roads,
those truant chieftains of the New
Hampshire Hills. Miles and miles
through the purple mountains, by the
white lake shores, they wind,—under
gleaming birch belts, by dusky maple
groves, along deep intervael where
the elms and willows droop, and where
sing the sirens of the pines. Some-
times they stop for breath in the low-
lands where the sun burns hot, and,
out of sight of their mother's eyes,
they make golden love to the flowers
there. Graceful forms of a thousand



At the winding of the roads

ferns lean over them; fragrant elder bushes hurry forth their rare white lacework; fading tones of the flowers of milkweed and iron-rust cast their glances as falling eye lashes; pale celandine trails her bridal veil before them,—daisies, buttercups, rich golden rod,—all the maiden flowers of midsummer time, tiptoe close to the enchanters—with no modesty whatever! But on go the flying chieftains, ferns and flowers clinging to their kilts! They round stone walls and fences made of the roots of giant old pines, hurry by deserted farms and abandoned mills, up and down, over streams, by long lanes and bridle paths, on and on, rising and falling, past cornfields and orchards in the sky, until—like the little path on the road to Ossipee, they climb right up into the clouds, and are lost forevermore!

The only sound from the village is a tinkle of cow bells in the rock pasture near the school house; for, even in midsummer, with all the strangers here, Sandwich Center is quiet as a snow-fall. Tall spires of the little white churches, gray shingled roofs, red brick chimneys and green blinds of the snowy houses, their snug barns and wood shelters, wells, orchards, and herb gardens, framed by the stone

walls, curve in and out of the trees in a play of fresh, bright color. The roads are silent as forest trails. Across from the postoffice is Dorr's hotel with its wide sheltered porches. Down the road a piece is Maybelle's house and the little white home of the twins, Ruth and Dorris, the minister's children. Marston's and Dr. White's are further on, and then,—beyond four willow trees,—the house where Mildred lives. The new school is but a stone's throw off. The old school was yonder down by Little Pond, there where Master Ladd, the lame teacher, taught for forty years. Mildred's father and her uncle used to draw him to school every day in a sled, and sometimes the other pupils helped. Near the store on Main street is Maybelle's favorite place, the shop of the harness maker and clock mender. At the point of the road near the Spokesfield Pines is the Burleigh House, the old Sandwich Inn, and farther up, Diamond Ledge House and Miss Foster's going by Perry's studio on the way.

In the other direction towards Four Corners, the old blacksmith shop and the saw mill are passed on the right, then the marsh, and Wentworth's Pines and the lonely cabin of the

strange old man of Sandwich, on the left, while at the very top of the hill are the Wentworth manor house and Adams's place where a massive stone wall extends for miles like some old Roman fortification.

All through this region of North country the call of the Indian is mingled with the voice of England's reign. Side by side on the guiding stones, with the musical Indian names, run the quaint letters of Tamworth town, North Conway, Meredith, Sandwich, South Chatham and Moultonboro.

The valley where Sandwich Center sleeps is encircled by the hills as by a vast jeweled coronet of ever changing colors, purple and rose and red and gold;—Israel, Black Mountain, Sandwich Dome, Red Hill, Ossipee, Whiteface, Paugus, Passaconaway, Wonnalancet, and, stirring in the distance, the horn of Mount Chocorua. Mightier ranges tower to the north, but none is more strange or beautiful than the mystic Sandwich range, guardian of Asquam and Winnepesaukee,—Smile of the Great Spirit,—of Bearcamp water and Lake Chocorua. Here was the beloved ground of Whittier,—here, where Indian legends float in the breezes. And when the little mists rise over the mountains, all the people

say, "Look! the ghosts of the Indians
are abroad this morning on Ossipee!",
or "See,—they are smoking the pipe of
peace on Israel!"



II.

IN THE RED SUNSET CARAVANS OF THE OLD DAYS PASS.

The Center's days of business and bustle have long since gone. It basks in the sun now, and is content to try no more climbing of mountains. Sometimes it dreams. In the red sunset caravans of the old days pass. Down through Sandwich Notch come the endless line of red sleds, drawn by oxen, and burdened with lumber for the building of the colonial settlements, or laden with pines for the royal navy. In those years, the New Hampshire white pines were stalwart trees standing high two hundred and fifty feet or more, and there grew not one in all that Sandwich region that was not destined to mast the royal navy, and branded with the broad arrow by order of the king. For a settler to cut such down was, under British law, a felony and punishable by a fine of one hundred pounds.

In that time the only roads through the valley were these old lumber trails

and the trails of the Indian, the moose, the bear and deer. Prospectors surveyed Sandwich valley nearly two centuries ago and built the first cabins of the village on the wooded banks of Little Pond, near Lower Corner. The town was granted by Colonial Governor Wentworth in 1763. Two years later, according to the old Sandwich records, Orlando Weed was granted, by vote of the proprietors at Exeter, seven hundred acres, seventy pounds of lawful money and seven cows, on condition that he would settle seven families in Sandwich, and build seven substantial dwelling houses, and clear forty acres of land within three years.

The Wentworths erected their state-ly home with columned portico and solid walls, the one still standing on Wentworth Hill, the old capitol of Sandwich:

"Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs."

A number of other families celebrated in early New England history, settled in the growing township, among them, the French, Sherman and White families, the last allied to the house

of Oliver Cromwell. Peregrine White, the father of Dr. White who settled in Sandwich in that early period was the first child born in New England.

Many of the survivors of the French and Indian war, men of the 4th New Hampshire regiment, migrated to the new township. With Spartan law and Spartan courage the daring little maiden town of the wild hills was builded to a youth of activity and strength. During the Revolution she sent forth her sons to battle, gave them their shields,—return thou with them or upon them,—and they returned with them. In the records of the battle of Bunker Hill a Sandwich regiment is honorably mentioned. Meanwhile a marriage with a Quaker husband brought forth new elements of thrift and industry. Iron foundries, brick kilns, saw mills and grist mills were established, and shoes and clothing manufactured for all the country 'round. The Sandwich cattle, Denmark breed, became noted in growing New England, and there were no better farms in all the thirteen states combined. Thus, what, for the village, was its golden age, came, lasted for fifty years,—and went.

With the outbreak of the civil war, again the martial clamor, the giving

of the shields, and the Spartan admonition. This time the young men came back upon their shields, and the mother village bowed, never to look up again. Little by little an alien element crept in and took possession of the farms whose younger masters had either been killed or had abandoned them for the west. At the present time not more than five families, descendants of the colonial settlers, remain in Sandwich.

The village is awake to things only during the summer months, and here gather from all the world the dreaming lovers of the White Hills.



III.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE.

"A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness."

Mildred loves the little apple hill on the road to Ossipee. She is not afraid to go there alone because there are not any witches there, like those in the old float dam. There are fairies instead, and all the things for the fairies.

"Look! This is their brown bread all ready for them,—only it got burned in the oven," Mildred will say, taking up a black-eyed daisy, "and oh,—this buttercup,—this is their pretty little butter dish full of butter!" Then she will gather her apron full of grasses and field flowers and bring them to one of her summer ladies under the apple trees. Mildred is a little field flower herself with her blue eyes and her light hair and her slight frail little body. She is seven years old,—
"But I'm going to be eight,—my mother says it!" she cries. Because her father drives the stage to Centre Harbor she is very proud and catches

her breath whenever the lumbering old coach goes by full of the summer folks. When Maybelle is mad with her she turns up her nose and says she need not think she is so much, for a tinner is much better than a stage driver! Maybelle's own father is the tinner and she is proud of that, but when Charlotte, the twins' big sister breaks in, with, "A minister is better than any," the children have not a word to say for Charlotte's father is the minister.

Maybelle often wears boy's blue overalls and drives an old gray mare, hitched to a red hay rake out into the fields and works like a farmer until sundown. She is as different from Mildred and Dorris as high noon from dawn. Her face is like a rosy apple. She is sturdily built and proud of her muscle and her long golden brown hair which she wears in two thick braids. Sometimes she takes Mildred out to the fields too and lets her ride on the old gray mare. They both talk of the summer ladies then. O! the ladies who come in the summer time! Some of them have pink ribbons and white dresses full of beautiful lace, and embroidery on their petticoats. Once, one of them named Miss Florence, had six gold rings,—and she

gave Mildren one of them! That lady came from Boston. Mildred herself was there once. "That is a city," she says, "children cannot play in the roads there. I have seen make believe people there. I saw them in the store windows. It was there I saw Santa Claus. He was going down a chimney in Boston. Oh, do you know, there is one woman says Santa Claus isn't so! She is Mrs. Hinson,—she says it!"

One morning, quite early Mildred ran out of her house as the summer ladies passed going up to the apple hill: "Oh,—did you see the Gipsies go by this morning? Oh—oh—six waggings of them! But they didn't get me! I ran! Oncet they got Tom Clark an' he bawled fer his mother so they took him out an' strapped him to a tree an' Indianed him an' left him there!" To Indian anyone in Sandwich is to black his face and hands.

Often at evening, sitting out on the schoolhouse rocks Mildred chatters away like a little sparrow: "I get up in the morning at seven o'clock, I pick up the dishes, then I strip the beds an' make them, then I wash the dishes an' water the hens. Then I swing in the swinging chair with baby. In the afternoon I play. I go to Hester's or I play with Maybelle or the

twins. We play mothers. I have six dolls an' a lounge bed an' a cradle. Then every night I lock the wood house door. If my mama should say to me, Mildred, you do not have to do your chores today,—I would do them just the same,—they help Papa. Oh, yesterday I went to Meredith,—I did! That is the place where I was born. It is a little farm. We have,—oh, a lot of hay an' a big large pasture, an' we let other horses come in,—we do."

Once Miss Florence said to Mildred: "I know such a dear little girl. She lives in a house near me and I think she is the best of all."

"Oh,—I know!" cried Mildred, "that is me."

In the large heart were fair guest chambers open to sunrise and to birds.

Dorris looks at you,—so—her deep eyes clear as the waters of a mountain spring. She puts her tiny little white hand tenderly in yours if she loves you and walks beside you in the evening wherever you go, without question and without chatter, silently and superbly as a star. She always takes Ruth by the hand also and if Marston's dog or George Smith's red cow comes along the road Dorris will stand in front of Ruth to protect her. Sometimes the little ones,—and they are only just five years old,—will come hand in hand to a fence that encloses summer boarders and look in by the hour. Once Ruth and Dorris got lost in the old mill pasture. That is a lonely place at all times, most gray and dismal,—and to be lost there is terrible. They were looking for thoroughwort for Miss Mary Jane and they got off the road little by little, and under a fence and off in the hazel bushes before they knew it. Then they were lost. All at once, a big gray building, hollow as a hollow tree, all full of cracks and vines and spider webs, came up out of the ground. It was the haunted old grist mill left alone even when their own mother

was young. Stones were piled up in the old pasture as though it were a grave yard. One tree lay dead on the ground. Five mullein stalks, tall as Ruth herself, grew on the rock mounds. A gray cloud had fallen over the place long ago and never lifted. But over the broken fence was a bright green bed of brake. Then a bell broke the stillness and pretty soon it came nearer and nearer and a pair of terrible long sharp horns tossed over the brake. It was Smith's red cow! Dorris made Ruth lie down behind the stones and she knelt in front of her. There was no way to ever get out any more. "Cow do not come! Cow do not come!" Dorris prayed holding her hands over Ruth. The bushes parted by the dry mill run. Dorris closed her eyes but she did not move. And—it was not the cow—it was a lady, one of Dorris's own summer ladies with paints and a picture.

"I will not let the cow hurt Ruth, my little Dorris," she said, "she is really a good cow and she does not want to hook anybody. She only wants to find something to eat for herself,—but we will go down this way across the branch. It is not far to your home." Then the lady lifted

them over the Red Hill stream, and they were in Adams' wheat field right off and on the side of the road! And the cow did not get them at all. She just kept on eating.



“ * * * the sodden forest floors
With golden lights were checkered.”

The way to the old float dam begins not far from Mildred's house, just back of Dr. White's cornfield. After leaving the cornfield and jumping a fence, there is a little space of quiet meadow, crescent shaped, half hidden by the trees and full of fair light grasses and sunlit daisies. The pines withdraw their dark shadows far back. The gleaming branches of a solitary white birch form an arc of light just over the entrance into the mysterious wood, the beginning of the long trail. A log fallen over the marshy place, just here, makes a bridge to higher ground. Then but a little while, and the heart of the pines beats fast. Their breath falls sweetly, and the ground underfoot is golden brown and soft with spears of the pines, piled there

deep as snow in the long winter. Only a few glances of the sky pierce the deep rich green. Far darkening hollows roll down from the trail off into the maze of aisles and tree columns, blue crypts of the ancient cathedral. In many places, tiny mushrooms gleam like pearls and opals dropped by ghostly queens of long ago. Indian pipes, cold in color as old marble, lift their slender shafts out of the gloom,—mist arises,—the smoke of yesterday's seven thousand years. So, through the way of dreams, passes the trail. Then it stops. A noisome, brackinsh stream lies across it like a snake crushed by a broken wall of cyclopean rocks, and all beyond is bog and mire and swamp bound in by the everlasting pines. Out of the poisonous marsh springs some strange wild flower red as blood.

**"The valley holds its breath.....
No leaf of all its elms is twirled."**

A gray shaggy boulder high on the ridge of a hill,—one apple tree leaning near,—that is Sunset Rock, the nearest point to the village where a view of all the mighty ranges may be had in one grand sweep.

One summer a solitary stranger, some sweet-natured Thoreau, came to Sandwich and pitched his tent in the shadow of this rock. For two weeks he camped there speaking to no man, given over to the silent watch of the great hills.

Another summer a young girl who sang, often stood upon the rocks. Alone in the twilight there, her blue dress like a bit of the dawn sky, and, with arms outstretched to the glowing hills, she would sing the love songs of the masters,—yearning of the ages—in *saecula saeculorum*.



IV.

"I lean my heart against the day."

*A journal of the days runs all to clouds:
Rich purple twilight, a mystery of red, the
sad, fading red that glows and burns
against the mountains, and lasts till all
the other sky has grown dark and full of
stars..... Cloud shadows over the valley,
rain on Sandwich Dome,—white mist
veiling it—low rain clouds breaking over
it—the rain slanting down—and—com-
ing—coming..... A clear, valiant blue
sky, billows of snow white clouds rolling
over all the hills—but over Ossipee—little
purple mists like violets blowing.....
Vast domes and palaces of clouds floating
over the mountains at sunset—gold wings
arising in the twilight—long streamers of
color,—lavender, rose pink, old gold, edg-*

ing the hills,—then again that rich, warm red, beating like a great full heart—burning into the night far behind the hills.....
..... Today, tenderness and sweetness in the far far light blue—dear with baby clouds..... On Burleigh Hill,—a mighty black cloud brooding over the sky,—but toward the hills, light and white, the far distance, soft with mists..... Savage clouds suddenly gathering,—rolling dark and gray—casting shadows of war—through them tiny little maiden skies trembling—white veils hiding their sweet blue forms—torn in streaks by the fierce thunder-heads leaping hard upon them—ravishing them with a fearful delight.

"A lover's claim is mine on all,
I see to have and hold,—"

A Diary of the Harvest Month

**"I climbed a hill path strange and new
With slow feet, pausing at each turn,—
A sudden waft of west wind blew
The breath of the sweet fern."**

Whiteface today! We left in the dim cool mist just before dawn. There were only four pale stars in the sky and these, we soon lost in the shadow of Israel. Long interminable veils of mist hid the other ranges and covered the valley. "There's rain on Whiteface", said our guide. But far over eastward bloomed a gentle flush of rose color,—so we drove on. It was to be one of the sun's blue days, however. He tried to be glorious,—but Aurora and her maidens must have been weeping,—so he was all upset. He came out and went back several times, then finally he stayed with the tearful maidens. Thus the mist was in nowise lifted when we reached the wonderful intervale at the foot of the slide-scarred mountain. After putting up our teams in the big barn of a comfortable farmhouse, there, we found the trail, pressed through the

thick growth of wet hazel bushes, and after shaping alpine stocks, we began the ascent. There were two other girls besides Alice and myself in the party. They were from Concord,—apostles of Thoreau,—and they paused with a quiet pleasure before every little faintly sketched flower and mountain plant along the misty trail. Two superb, active hours, mounting up through the pines, struggling under fallen trees, scaling big bowlders, going higher and higher in the fast gathering mist, singing old English ballads; “Now gayly thro’ the mountain glen, the hunter winds his horn!”—then all at once, shut in by the cloud,—hurriedly gathering pine boughs for a tent and stripping the giant birches for ponchos and umbrellas,—building a fire—watching the smoke crawl around our shivering fingers,—then suddenly all the skies opening and a wild mad flood pouring down,—a gallop to earth again,—back to the clean farm kitchen, a warm fire and good hot coffee.

"Through each branch-enwoven sky-
light
Speaks He in the breeze,
As of old beneath the twilight
Of lost Eden's trees!"

August 6th.

Last night I ran off secretly to the Spokesfield Pines. I tip-toed away from the house while everyone was sound asleep, just as the late moon was coming up over the hills. I hurried along the white road by the silent houses. Marstan's dog barked furiously at me, but no one woke up and I came safely to the last house of the village. This was beyond the old Burleigh Inn, and a light was in one of the front rooms. Old Susan Willey was still sewing rag carpets! My heart trembled as I left the light. I felt as though I were about to enter into some terrible but sweet adventure,—some divine rendezvous! After vaulting the fence just beyond the old pump there I struck the trail and in another moment was shrouded in the darkness of the pines. Shadows have

such a fearful delight. I lay in them until I was too frightened to get up. There was a strange shape in front of me that seemed to move. After a long while,—it seemed hours—I thrust out my hands,—and touched,—a black-berry briar swaying in the wind over an old stump. I drew closer and I saw it was the very stump whose rings we had counted last Wednesday. The tree had but recently fallen. Dr. Wiggin used a magnifying glass to get the records and we found that it was five hundred years old. In certain parts of the Spokesfield woods the pines are grouped in curiously harmonious lines. As things became more distinct I could follow this fine grouping and the fantastic play of the light.

I stretched myself out full length on the pine needles and breathed in the cool freshness and looked up long through the pine boughs. I wished for more stars. I thought of a girl I had met once five years before, from far up in Duluth, one who had slept in the pines along the great lake shore, who had spoken to me of the large stars before dawn, of the song of the pines and the breath of the pines. I saw her walking in the shadows with her pale face upturned, and I knew

now, at last, how she had felt in the pines.

I counted the sounds I heard. A cock crew way off somewhere. A dog barked, an owl hooted and a sleepless squirrel dropped an acorn at my feet. It made such a loud noise I jumped. Then I lay quiet again. I marked the swift changes of the moonlight on the black trunks of the pines and in their lofty boughs, the fast traveling and checkered glow on the soft clean ground and the long mellow sweeps of light.

Then I wrapped my coat tightly about me and slept long in the song of the pines. I awoke desiring a lover.



"All through the long bright days of
June

Its leaves grew green and fair
And waved in hot midsummer noon
Its soft and yellow hair.....

August 10th.

On Rock Maple Ridge today.
"First, a lake, tinted with sunset; next
the waving lines of far reaching hills,"
....the might and majesty of Israel,—
then all at once a glory of golden
wheat on the very crest of the steep
hill, waving like hair in the wind,
shining like hair in the sun—a wonder
past the telling.....One dwarf like
old man wrinkled and long bearded
bent double over his scythe,—Hagen
stealing the gold from the Rhine maid-
ens.

"Somewhere it laughed and sang;
somewhere
Whirled in mad dance its misty hair,
But who had raised its veil, or seen
The rainbow skirts of that Undine?"

August 15.

Today we drove to Beedis' Falls,—
the wonder road through Sandwich
Notch:

"The river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A long blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

"One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang,
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang."

At the place where we stopped first
the water flowed quietly over a great
wide sweep of solid rock. Wading
was slippery but full of delight. I
dropped all my petticoats and letting
fly my hair I leaped, feeling like a
deer, down over to the smaller rocks

where the water began to tumble and
I could be drenched in its tossing
spray. Flashes of the sunlight warm-
ed my wet legs and arms, and I danc-
ed every wild step I knew,—feeling so
free and glorious:

“The leaves through which the glad
winds blew
Shared the wild dance the waters
knew;
And where the shadows deepest fell,
The wood-thrush rang his silver bell.

“Fringing the stream at every turn,
Swung low the waving fronds of fern;
From stony clefts and mossy sod,
Pale asters sprang, and golden rod.

The turquoise lakes, the glimpse of
pond
And river track, and, vast, beyond
Broad meadows belted round with
pines
The grand uplift of mountain lines!

"We held our sideling way above
The river's whitening shallows,
By homesteads old, with wide flung
barns
Swept through and through with swal-
lows.

August 20.

Yesterday Alice and I drove along by Israel by way of the old stage road. We passed a dingy farm house where the old people were left alone. A quaintly fashioned letter box had been put up years before in front of their house,—when their only son went west. Every day, when the stage passed they watched for a letter. Finally two robins built a nest in the little box. Every spring they came back; no letter has ever disturbed them.... We came to another farm house deserted and forlorn, a haunted place, far in the fields. Israel has many such. It broods over them gloomily, but the highland roads laugh in its grave face and run carelessly by the abandoned homes of its lost children. It was warm yesterday; a drowsy sense even in those gay roads,—O! the charm of

their sleep on the breasts of the maiden flowers!

“Along the roadside, like the flowers
of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens
wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden rod,
And the red pennons of the cardinal
flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright
staves.
The sky is hot and hazy, and the
wind,
Wing-weary with its long flight from
the south,
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned yon maple
leaf

With faintest motion, as one stirs in
dreams,
Confesses it. The locust by the wall
Stabs the noon silence with his sharp
alarm.
A single hay-cart down the dusty road
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast
asleep on the load's top:.....
.....Against the neighboring hill,
Huddled along the stone wall's shady
side,
The sheep snow white, as if a snow-
drift

Defied the dog-star. Through the
open door
A drowsy smell of flowers,—gay helio-
trope,
And white sweet clover, and shy mig-
nonette—
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus
lends
To the pervading symphony of peace.”

So we drove and we drove, Alice
and I,—we followed the roads as the
flowers did, we embraced them, we
adored them,—and we did not blame a
single little aster! It was dark when we
turned homeward,—“See how those
clouds lown down turn to mountains,”
said Alice, “and the pastures stretch off
smooth into space,—look,—the mist
sweeping up from the valley over
Israel..” Then we watched the stars
come out. With half closed eyes we
watched the mystic fairness of the
hills,—those brides of the night clouds
and the stars,—adorning themselves
for their sweet bridegrooms.

“How far and strange the mountains
seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still
light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

August 30.

Today,—today,—all day under the apple trees! A big white cloud luminous with light arising over the sloping gray roof—all the sky a clear and serene blue—apples shining on the trees,—mellow,—full of sweet fruit-smell,—the sad leaves closing around them tenderly—holding them fast,—knowing their loss is coming.....

V.

INDIAN LEGENDS FLOAT IN
THE BREEZES.

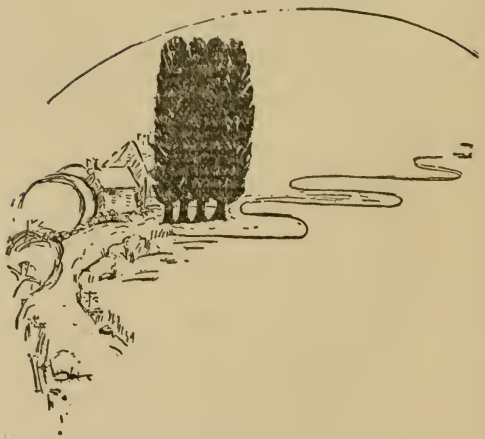
"Let Indian ghosts, if such there be,
Who ply unseen their shadowy lines,
Call back the ancient name to thee
As with the voice of pines!"

Although Israel is mighty and much beloved, Ossipee sings to the heart with the woman's love song. Its fair brow, gold crowned, the rising sunlit dome, like the one burning breast of an Amazon girl,—the long, grace of its firm lines,—the sweetness of the little clouds,—its winged children—playing over it,—then the transparent blushing wonder of it when the twilight falls.....

Long ago, so the stories say, an ocean of pines swept the vast hill from base to dome; the very name in the Indian tongue meant Mountain of the Pines, and it was the Indian symbol of the ideal.

The Ossipee Falls are the Falls of the Song of the Pines. Some say that late in November a plaintive note is heard here. That is the last cry of an Indian brave of the Pequaket tribe. He took up arms against John Cham-

berlain, the murderer of Paugus, the great chief, and he pursued him over the valleys from Winnepesaukee to Ossipee Falls. The pale face leaped the falls,—the very spot is pointed out today,—but the Indian fell in his haste, and perished in the foaming waters,—and his ghost has haunted the place ever since, white spray of the restless waters, mist of dreams.



Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

The little lake Asquam, meaning the beautiful-surrounded-by-water-place, is very fair. Like most inland waters it is crystal clear, reflecting minutely every change and tinge of color of the clouds and trees and sky. It is only two miles beyond Sandwich on the road under the red oaks and maples of Red Hill to Center Harbor. It is not big, like Winnepesaukee, but it is even more charming. The graceful curves of its shore lines, the miniature islands rocking on its waters, and the mists arising at dawn and evening take possession of every sense.

The Indian myth that lies sleeping on the waters' breast wakes only in a fierce thunder storm at night, when the curse of old Wamego flashes in the lightning, the moaning of Suneta haunts the valley for miles around, and the love song of Anonis yearns far in the lonely hills. Long ago, the legend says, an old Indian chief, the ugly Wamego, whose squaw had died, lived

on the shores of Squam. Suneta, the daughter of a neighboring chief, was sold to him by her father, although she was pledged to Anonis, a brave of her own tribe. The marriage feast with the ugly chief was celebrated. Before many moons had passed, however, when one night the old Wamego lay sleeping heavily, Suneta heard her lover's voice.

"Come! The night is dark and stormy,
My canoe is on the lake.
My beloved! I cannot live without you.
You are mine!
Death awaits me tonight if I bear you
not away in mine arms!"

Suneta sprang to him and they fled though the shadows. Wamego awoke, followed them and caught them. With his tomahawk he killed Anonis, and lifting up his voice over the fainting Suneta, cried, "May fire blast her! Let the Manitou make of her an example to coming time!" A flash of lightning and a savage growl of thunder replied to his words. The body of Suneta was turned to stone,—circle of the sighing wind, miserere,—the ever living Franceska and Paoli! Today all the people who come to Asquam look upon the rock so

**"Part thy blue lips, Northern Lake!
Moss grown rocks your silence break!
Tell the tale thou ancient tree!
Thou, too, slide-worn Ossipee!
Speak, and tell us how and when
Lived and died this King of Men!"**

The mountain of all mountains around Sandwich is Chocorua, the Prophet's Tomb. It is known far and wide beyond any other of the White Hills, save Mount Washington alone, and it is loved far more than any other. Even children may climb Chocorua, and its story is a tale told at the New England firesides in the long winter, even as the story of the Black Douglas stirred the Scottish hearts of long ago. Chocorua was a chief of the Ossipee tribe. He was afraid of nothing. He fought in many battles with the white men to keep the home and the hunting ground of his people. But the settlers and the soldiers were too strong for him. The Ossipee tribe was driven, by foot, over the border into Canada. Chocorua and a handful of braves remained. They established

their stronghold on a nameless mountain where roamed the bears and the deer. The colony of Massachusetts offered many pounds of silver for scalps of the Indians. Thus, for blood money, one by one, Chocorua's men were killed. The long winter came and Chocorua was left alone. For many months no white man dared go near the nameless mountain for very dread. But when the spring awoke and the white ramparts of snow fell from Chocorua's fort, every pass into the forest there was guarded, and a hundred men assembled to hunt down the fierce chieftain. He retreated farther and farther up the mountain, pressed on by his enemies, until at last he reached the peak, that sharp tower rock, like a leaning battlement in the sky. His arrows were gone; death or capture was before him. With folded arms he stood silent on the peak. A bullet whistled by him. Then he lifted up his voice in a prophecy of woe to the white man's land, of sickness to the cattle, of death to the young men. He sang the cry of the abandonment of the land, then he plunged into the dark sea of mist and pines three thousand feet below. The mountain was named his brave name. It is graven there forevermore.

A huge gray boulder lies today under a giant birch not far from the Half-Way House of Chocorua:—

“And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tasseled garbs of skin arrayed,
And girdled with his wampum braid.

“There shall his fitting requiem be
In Northern winds that, cold and free
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

“O, peeled and haunted, and reviled,
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!
Great Nature owns her simple child.”

“Yes,—dees be ze place where Shocoruary be buried,” says old “Dutch” Liberty, keeper of the Half-Way House, “dees be ze place!” Liberty is a French-Canadian by birth but he has been in New Hampshire beyond folks’ counting, and by Carroll County logic, since it be not English that he speaks, he must be a Dutchman. He is at any rate an industrious toll gatherer. He knows by natural instinct every foot or the ground Chocorua trod, and, even as the guides of Holyrood, he too can point out drops of blood along the trail and can speak the very words of Chocorua’s curse.

“Zen ze cattle zey die by one, by

two, by ze hunder,—all from Shocoruay's curse." But Mrs. Liberty shakes her head mildly, "That be, so I hear, on account of too much lime in the water. They gave the cattle soapsuds an' they was cured. But when I married Liberty an' come up here on the mountain ter love, scarce a body would plant foot on Shocoruay. That be thirty year ago come next August, an' here we be still."

Mrs. Liberty is of Quaker blood and Quaker gentleness. Her eyes are blue, and her hair a soft, waving white. Her face is fine and in spite of her sixty odd years, fresh and rosy in coloring, and her bearing stately and erect. On sunny afternoons she sits for hours on the steps of the Half-way House, knitting little presents for her friends, the visitors to Chocorua. She brings them glasses of mountain water and looks to their comfort in many ways.

The Halfway House is just a rough three-roomed shack made of pine boards. Red calico curtains are tacked across the windows and scarlet geraniums in old tomato cans blow on the pine window sills. Mountain air and the scent of the balsam fir fill the bare, clean, little rooms. From the front door the hill descends, past the corall for the tourists' teams, far down

into the white birch belt. The incline is steep from the rear of Halfway House. A silver trout stream tumbles down the hill as though it were going to run straight into the back door of the little house, but it takes a sharp turn to the right just where the Liberty trail begins.

"Be ye goin' ter climb Shocoruay today?" Mrs. Liberty asks, "it be blowin' strong on the peak today, but there's fifteen gone before ye. But they ain't done fixin' the teams yet so you kin set awhile with me. Be I lonely? Wa'al yes, there ain't never a soul comes near Shocoruay long in the winter, an' me an' Liberty we jest sets here, an' does our chores, an' sets here. I say to myself God hev set me down here on Shocoruay, an' here to stay, an' I prays ter Him an' takes my lot. T'aint so hard when you come to think. We got potatoes yonder an' flour in the shack, an' bacon enough ter last, an' thar be plenty of wood for fire, an' t'aint so cold about here as 'tis in other places. It be cold enough though, an' never a livin' body, but along about Spring, though, all that's changed, an' friends begin ter come, an' keep a coming' till October sets in. I'd rather be here than on the farm. Sometimes me an' Liberty we shets up

the Halfway House an' goes to the farm, but it is about the same wher-ever we goes. Liberty an' me made the trail up Shocoruay,—yes, there be other trails, but they be full of harri-canes. It keeps Liberty an' me work-in' ter keep the trail in shape, an' this be the only one folks travel on much. The folks come from all parts,—all over the world ter see Shocoruay. There be one old lady my age gone up there today,—there be a good many old ladies hev climbed Shocoruay. you'll take notice of the one gone up today maybe. She has an spectacles an' wears a cape with a red plaid lin-ing,—I reckon you'll see her. Then there's some comes from Boston every summer an' New York. Everybody knows about Shocoruay, though I can't say as I see much ter it,—Shoco-ruay be Socoruay."

In all the Sandwich region so stir-ring with melodies of clouds and birds, children, flowers and pines, and lakes and hills; there is no chord more ma-jestic, more sublime than this,—Cho-coru! At first, in minor key, in pierc-ing sweet, the young trail leaves the glowing stream beyond the Halfway House, and tenderly steps into the fast vanishing zone of the white birches. Embraced by the pale, slender arms

of those fairy trees, shadowed in long arches of green leaves, it lingers pleasantly,—and sadly,—for a mile or more. Then it dips low down into a stony hollow, wet underfoot for a space, then mounts sharply up with sturdy strength into the black belt of the pines. Streams of water,—myriads of them, spring from the mysterious rocks, and dance down the steep descent like water sprites. Like slender white threads they curve down under the traveler's feet and wind off into the deep forest,—magic ways to Fair Rosamond. Enchanters appear in the shape of wonderful vistas, now far ahead or far back or to right or left, to lure the pilgrim off the trail. But Chocorua's summit is on ahead,—the donjon tower,—and a view of the mighty keep, itself, Mount Washington, and all the walls and battlements and towers and turrets of the great castled land. Off to the south the vast moat,—waters of Winnepesaukee will glow,—again, in the heart of the valley Sandwich Village and all her little sister towns will be seen in their quiet sleep, while far off, miles beyond the hundred lakes, far across the country a long pale line will stretch,—the coast of Maine dim in the mist of the sea.

Though the promise is fair and rich,
the hillside is a wonderful thing—and
hard to leave. It is a dreamer, savage
and poetical—voice of the dying Moses
murmuring low, precious things of the
everlasting hills.

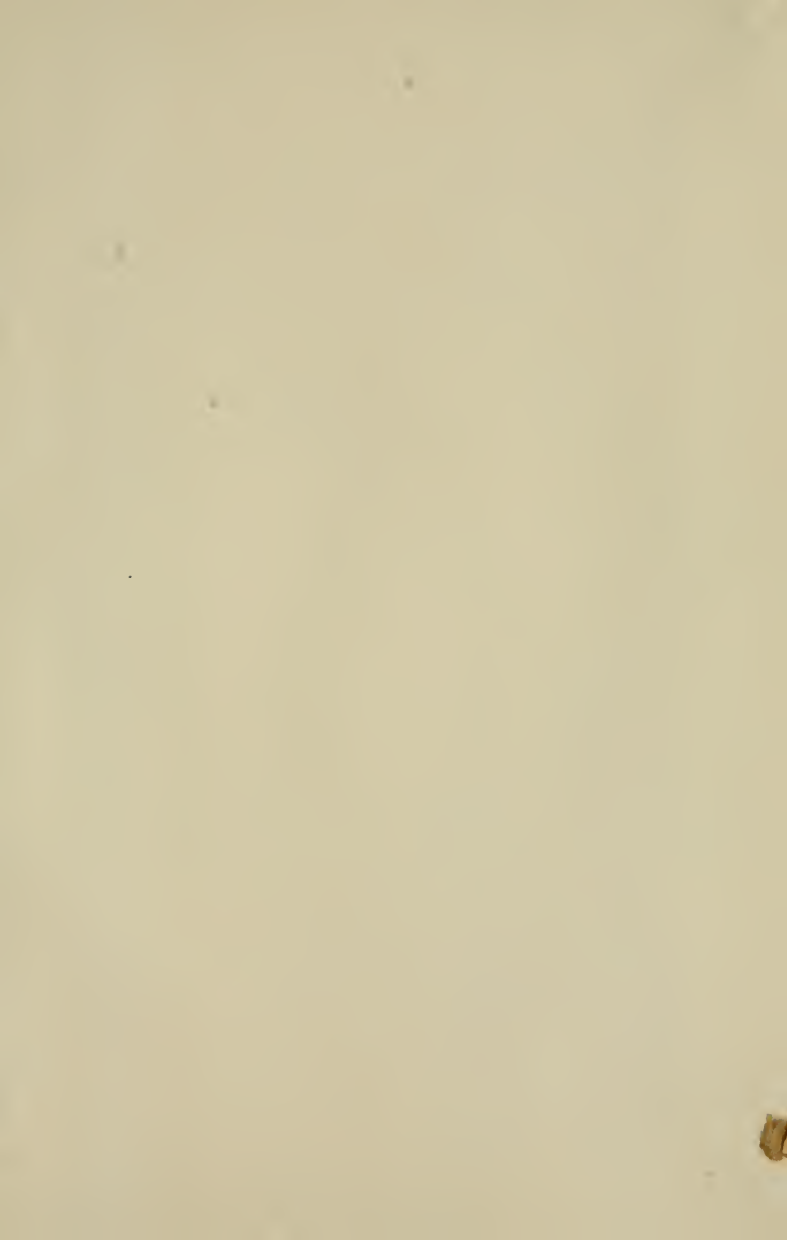
The way grows steep and bare. The
pines are dwarfs, the rocks are giants.
The earth begins to recede; the promise
is about to be fulfilled. The regions
of the sky are here. With a
very trumpet's blast, the wild wind
charges down, armored in black rocks,
with boughs of the leaning pines his
lance and battle ax, spray of the green
pine his bright pennon—over all white
plumage of the clouds—laugh of Die
Walkure.

The joust is on—the tournament of
rocks and wind and sky.

Laissez aller!

A valiant step upward—a shouting
in the very air—behold the peak, Chocorua!









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